

the family black sheep, a truant, spending time for car theft at St Charles (despite my father's influence) and then it's off to a career of dope dealing driving two big vans of heroin worth several million dollars over the border from Mexico, and (even getting a little ripped off) I end up with \$250,000 just for me, safely

stuffed away in a Chemical Bank safety deposit box, then with no more financial worries, I go down to Nashville and buy myself into the right social positions, and (despite the fact that I can't even write a sentence and never passed a high school English exam) I ball and wine myself into the affections of a couple hillbilly superstars, and

they make me famous singing the silly, stupid songs I've yowled into a tape recorder over my morning beer ... and now I'm the cultural advisor for Gov Jimmy Lee James of Tennessee, and next yr I guess I can run for Senator here (if I can just get Loretta and Linda, or Billy maybe, to give me a little country western push) but

I still can't go home for Thanksgiving dinner

TO MAKE IT LIKE RAY!

Seeing

Sugar Ray Leonard walk away from beating Hearns senseless, with 10 million dollars in his pocket ... and

even unknown punks get mauled by Holmes to walk off with a million in theirs ... and then there's me with my PhD in English lit going from NY cab driver to

the nuthouse at Bellevue to short order cook in the SF Mission to the nuthouse at SF General to sleeping with my wine bottle in the Tenderloin ... and

it makes me so mad, the injustice of it, that I go right up to big Wino Wes and demolish him with a fusilade of body punches ... and now I am the champ of 6th and Mission

-- Fritz Hamilton

San Francisco CA